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—FIRE— IN OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT PARRSBORO.

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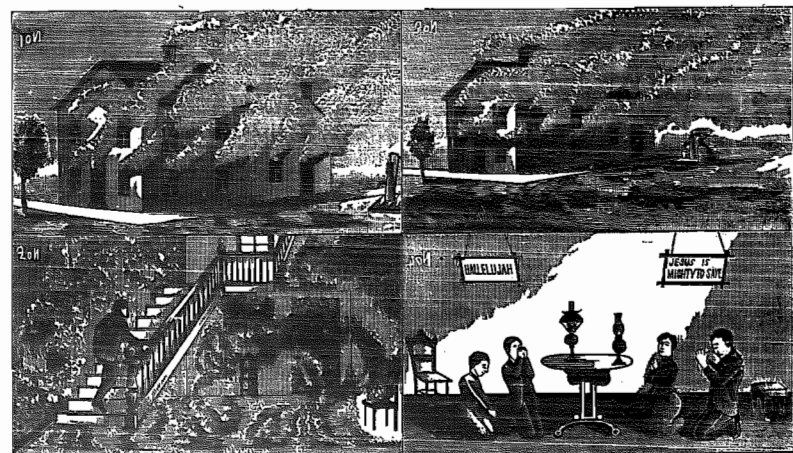
It was a cold, calm, clear, frosty night, the 29th of December, and the snug fire in the stove made the dining-room and bedrooms cozy as we retired to rest about twelve, midnight. Our Army friends at Parrsboro are very kind, and have liberally contributed ample

foot of the stairs in quite a cool and subdued tone, "Captain! Captain! Captain! where's the matches?" Perceiving that it was the Adjutant, and hearing no response from the Captain, I shouted, "What's the matter?" In a still more calm and cool tone the Adjutant replied, "I want some matches, Major; the house is on fire!" I imagined from the tone of his voice that he really must be playing a joke, and so decided to take no further notice. But away he goes again—"Captain! Captain! where are the matches?" "Captain," I shouted again, "If it's matches you want, come this way." A moment—a blunder—the door of my bed-room opens, and I soon find out from the clouds of smoke that force themselves into my room that it is no farce, and

kitchen, but not a single match could be found, and to vain did we both shout for the Lieut. to tell us where they were kept. The Adjutant and I are both strangers to the place, and our great difficulty is, we don't know which way to turn for anything and cannot get to know where we could get a light, or where water was kept, or if there was a well or a pump; and so we go stumbling about, and running first up against a door, then a table, now a chair, and I know not what else; if we could but get a light we could see what to do, and do it. We dare not open a window or door, lest this draft should start the smouldering fire into flames. While we are rushing about, scarcely knowing what to do, the back door goes bang, and in stalks a body. It is awfully

downs and doors to get a little ventilation, for the smoke is just suffocating. One more good dose of water will fix the whole business here. It's done. We roll away a barrel of apples, ditto potatoes, etc., and, rip up the lid of the collar and soon discover that our danger is past; so all not to work to finish opening every window and door in the house. The locks fly back, bolts are undone, doors swing open, the glass cracks, windows smash—there are all frozen but up they have to go. The smoke has been our greatest difficulty hitherto, but now it is smoke and frost which we feel, and the poor Captain lays on the ocell and weeps at the memory of a brother who was

JURKED TO DEATH



I. The burning building—II The Lieut running for water—III The Adjt ascending the stairs thro' the blinding smoke—IV T. asking God for the deliverance.

efficiency to make the officers' quarters very comfortable. Three bed-rooms, nicely furnished, afford sufficient convenience for the local officers, and also a bed to spare for visiting officers. I was located up-stairs, the Adjutant down in the bed-room next the dining-room, while the ladies occupied the remaining room. About three o'clock in the morning I was aroused with a kind of a rattling, tumbling noise down stairs. "What's the matter?" I inquired, immediately deciding to wait just two minutes to find out if it is so, and prepare for the conflict. In a moment Adjutant McInyre calls from the

very room there is a scramble for matches. "A lamp—get some matches—wherever are the matches?" The Captain, between the stupor caused by the smoke and the excitement of the moment, has forgotten and answers: "The Lieut. knows; I don't," and then wraps her head in a shawl to keep the smoke away. I rushed to the front room; no lamp—no matches there; then to the bedroom to more success; while the Adjutant, whose eyes are snarling and melting with tears—through the severe, suffocating smoke which he has been in for over an hour—rushes round the dining-room, where the fire is taking hold, and then into the

dark. We ask, "Is that you, Lieut.?" Will you tell us where the matches are?" "Oh, don't light a match! I pray don't!" "Twit! explode, twit! explode!" exclaims the poor lassie, as she blunders in from the back kitchen with cold, cold, almost frost-bitten feet, hands, and body, and a pail of water. We find she has already emptied the pail on the fire and checked it, and rushed out in the snow to the pump, where, after a thawing process, she got a number two bucketful of water. First, she goes the fire as she pours the contents of the bucket onto the smouldering carpet and floor, while the Adjutant strikes a light, and I rush to open win-

dows. We all gather around her, cheer her up, and then fall on our knees to thank God for having saved our lives and saved our souls, and shortly after retire to rest, after a fair endeavor to turn our black faces, feet, and hands into a color which at all events is becoming to white people.

The Parrsboro fire impressed me with three things:

1. THAT EVERY SALVATIONIST SHOULD WALK EVERY MINUTE THAT THEY ARE IN DANGER OF HELL FIRE, for is it not a fact that some of the miseries which will torment them in hell have already begun to smoulder and burn in their breasts?—Continued on page 16.

[illegible]

Heaven, even to a hell."

This is only one solitary case among the thousands of others whose lives, with home and family comfort, have been made miserable by the presence of a drunkard. In the vast throngs of the drunkards are vast numbers who are the strongest of men, who were once proud and happy boys, who have been able to resist the drink have blazed their lives and made them totally unfit for life. More of them than you can count are in the hands of the grand thought! Every salvation sold every Christian has the opportunity to save a drunkard from the hell of fallen drunks. But nothing less than a heart full of Divine love will be able to change the grand nobles who are the drunkards. You must have a heart full of Divine love and ask God Almighty to so baptize you with His Spirit, that you will be able to love the drunkard in His strength to pull these dear men from this terrible fire of destruction. Could there not be a "Drunkard's Life" written by a Christian? Yes, the Salvation Army Officers, try. Don't be satisfied with their coming and going, but try to get into their souls, or another, visit them, look at them, follow them up, bring them home, and try to get them to give up the drink, bring other drunkards to Jesus. Saved "Drunkards" make special visits to the "Drunkards' Home" and try to get them to give up the drink.

Capt. Jones tells us that a Baptist man said he would have a Ball at the Prayer Meeting in his house the second time, so sent for the corps. Of course they most heartily responded to the invitation. The result was, the Ball was broken up, the officers got abundantly blessed and so did the soldiers, and on Sunday night the man's daughter came to the penitential-form and got saved. Lieut. Loyd tells us that in Canineville the last three weeks some twenty-five souls have come to Jesus, many of them were terrible drunkards and miserable homes; but they are now happy and all on the platform speaking for Christ.

[illegible]

of a certain store where many persons used to congregate for the purpose of drinking and selling; the proprietor was a Jew; 15 barrels of oysters every day, certain men, who this had brought the man 15 barrels; he acquainted the proprietor with the fact that he had the 15 barrels for him, he replied, "I can't possibly do it; I might be a Jew, one, there is nobody comes here, more, they all go the Salvation

OR some time, across the river side and locality, where the men had been discussing the matter, they were announcing that a great number of quiet and presentable men would take place in the January 10th, the day had been looking forward to by many, as a big time was expected and they were not disappointed. The day came at last and with it the things which were to replenish the river man. No need to ask for the thing: "Do the people over the river appreciate the S. A.?" Just look

But, of course, the best had yet, for Commissioner was a to lead a monster jubilee and new colors to the Riverside b several officers were to forewa eastern provinces. So, right off we go, awfully strong, for air, headed by the Temple Br in obedience to the Lord's c "Go ye out, etc." We got blessing and peace to the

all expressing a grand time.
 Staff-Capt. Morris opened
 with a song from the "W
 and the "W. The choir
 went with a spring. After
 Staff-Capt. Mrs. Morris, Com
 sang, with no more,
 "It is yours to love, Lord,
 to be here!
 They perfect love drives away
 Thy light streaming down
 I'm glad to hear,
 It is good to hear, Lord, w
 And, truly, we felt God wa
 and a short address from
 the Commission, in which he said
 work of the day, and
 and we have only to keep si
 Holy fire to have the grandest
 to be here!
 After a few testimonies from
 the Officers in farewell, said,
 the call to arms for them to
 the duty of the day,
 and though only three days no
 whole hearts would wrap up
 the duty of the day,
 God, and they all sang togeth
 "I will follow Thee My Sav
 The Commissioner then said,
 going to a country where the
 have warm hearts, and where the
 and we have only to keep si
 expects every one of you to do
 most towards bringing souls
 feel
 After the Colors were prese

bers of
 every night
 gambled with
 I from a
 usual,
 when
 with the
 barrels of
 I cannot
 to take
 here any
 Army
 -

white as snow.
I never feared to stand
 gation then,
Because I lived to glorify
 and not men.
I felt so happy I was
 world didn't care,
So I could stand and wait
 for Jesus anywhere.
The weight of souls lay
 longed to see them
And oftentimes prayed
 friends at my grave
I pushed Salvation
 often sold the Cross,
Determined if I could
 make the people love

I temple
 They had
 Well,
 And so
 Estimated
 The inner
 To come
 Announced
 Present
 Lives and
 For the
 On time,
 An open-
 A man,
 Command:
 A great

Almost alone, and spent
 Ambrosine in hand
 In fact, my heart was
 Lived within,
 And many a wretched
 Led from paths of
 I did not care for scorn
 To Christ could bring
 The world the devil was
 Crown my Jesus King
 Alas! there's been a
 My life is altered
 I've gradually backslid
 Tell you how,
 But first I know I cease
 Plead with God alone
 And then my heart beg

to meel-
On, to
the
by
missioner
is good
re:
Three"
us.
might
be con-
with
historians,
so, yet
and
to, their
saving of
of."
Do you
to His
to Him
to you
had?
If not, look the CANADIAN
The

IT IS OFFICER OF THE
NATIONAL GUARD,
To Lieut. J. H.
DEAR LIEUT.—
suppose you will
Sunday's meeting
doubt not that you

God Every hour of constantly getting firmer and strength from storehouse. And he should not neglect to make the most of this that God has put in your heart. Do not forget that you have a soul and a body. Do plenty of things to see what happens to your work. Review the effects of things, people and actions, in connection with other and other acts of what the effect is.

observe how far
correct. This
with regard to
come candidates
Homes. You wi
ledge of human
read the minds a
of people—will
wherever you go
that will grow a
and training.

Be careful, h
your utmost to
talents and facul
(and for the imp
are responsibly
spirituality. No

[illegible]

LETTER BOOK

STAFF OF THE INTERNATIONAL
CAPTION, LONDON, ENG.

See us into the Field

Before you get this, I
have done your first
at your Corps, and I
will have had joyful

STERN

Wasp
All the
Sneer
Do you
Count

Stern

every day, thus con-
stantly supplies of grace
to the riches of His
while you do this, you
to cultivate and
the powers and abili-
given you. Don't
to a mind as well as
Don't be afraid to
every day. Ob-
all round you in
out the cause and
and compare various
and sets of circum-
people and actions
circumstances. Watch
your own words and

your reckoning was
be especially useful
as who wish to be-
for the Training
find what a knowl-
ture—being able to
hearts and nature
most useful to you
and this is a faculty
improve by practice

[illegible]

E battalions! Men and women
 bless, to march on—London! We
 arm for the battle, and their
 cath, and stones, and curses
 hold the love of Jesus as an out-
 ne thousand nightly marches tolling
 "Your garments must be white
 Prepare to meet your God
 For to His throne you'll have
 Prepare to meet your God
 and solemn words, they sounded

Prepare to meet your God
It rang from fifty hearts aghast
Perpared to meet their God
ugh stately nave and chancel, roll
for his vesper service stood the sun
strong, clear soldier voices rose
ing the hue and texture of the gown
senting, half denying, eyes, o'raw
murmured, "stainless, spotless, w
"Get washed from every stain!
The air with crime seems
Down crowded streets, thro
Where lay the Army's tra
stain! And life one sinning, with
faded, weary woman! Ob, the sy
followed, scorning, cursing, wh
the Army banners blazoned "Peace

"Your garments must be washed."
The workman passed along
And smiled to see the blue
And scarlet-jerseyed throng
As snow! I say, red gurnsey—
And sober, wife beside him; well, he
I saw Nancy Simmonds she'd a
One black eye beneath it. Thanked
He roped in Bill and Nancy! Now
That night, his old companion's wife—
"Your garments must be washed."
Ausp. and yet again.

[illegible]

skering, fifty "soldiers" strong,
 hands of prayer, a snatch of song,
 under God above.
 Winning for their work of love.
 In motive power?
 Through a weary hour!
 Like as snow;
 To go;
 In the city's crowded streets.

the organ's solemn tone,
the priest, alone,
above the organ roll,
moments of his soul;
but lip aurl,
"I pass the gates of pearl!"
of sun!"
black.
h dingy lanes,
k.
black hell at its close."
faded and withered rose!
the sweet-faced sisters led,
and "Pardon" overhead;

her baby boy,
he smiling lay;
"Jesus, fit him for Thy day!
consecration prayer
to the baby's hair?
to as snow."

of their strong, leader, helped along. "We have friends, my marines said!

the soul of the weakest and feeblest, over whom God has placed a leader, commander, and Mother. I would recommend you to pay attention to your Soldiers. Find yourself how they are in each one—and then set to work to make them stand higher up, as they may, individually, need. Remember, that they will be very much affected by the way in which you make them, humanly speaking. These men are converted to your laborers. Think about this! God to help you so to live and to make them and wrap up, as, lower down, they may be, but all will become mighty powers for their lives long wherever they go.

FOR THE VILLAGES.

your officer reports 97 souls for the village requests everybody to join in by doing a village.

a few days ago—"The Military of the village of the drum and the drummer with the snare drum in march.

After that other day, I saw in one of the papers that you wanted some personal testimonies, and by God's help, I am glad to tell what Jesus has done for me, but I trust Jesus has done for me, but I guess I have been as far down in sin as a man could get, although very young now it, even my parents, I don't think they knew how far I was in sin, but I know they were praying for me, but I was in vain. I was a perfect sot, I was drinking, and would stay out all night, all hours in the morning, and I was breaking my father's and mother's heart, and I was not only going to

was when how quick I saw I was going to hell, and I believe from my deepest soul that it is the cause of doing many, many a soul to hell. For my part I never want to be or go on any place that I can't hold the name of Jesus up. Very true, I was salvation before, but not enough, not enough to make me miserable, praise the Lord, I got enough not to make me a fool for Jesus.

There are many fools for Jesus now it is, but there are many fools the devil and don't know it. Often people say, "Oh it would be for me to take part in that wouldn't get the talents," but bro-

Cleansed me truly,
 He cleansed me thoroughly
 Made my heart as white as snow
 And fill me with his Holy Spirit
 And is teaching me His way
 I know.

A CONTRA

TRANSLATED FROM "AN AVANT."
I was young. I lived in the pleasant
of the world, searching daily for the
of the world, and I was satisfied.
I FREQUENTED THE BALCONES,
the hall-rooms, did not forget to go
cigarette occasionally, and finished
by indulging in wines. Not that I
was a drunkard, but I was a man
and low-class literature, carefully
anything that spoke about God or
RELIGION I WAS NOT MATTY.
I moved without feeling or satisfaction
glory to God. I was a man of
and I was a man of the world, and I
the 14th July. Happy day. I was
the presentation of colors at Bataan
the soldiers of the United States
by Marchalls Booth to the
are aware of the glory of my heart.
I SAW ME COMING!
I was lost! I lost glory to God. I saw
myself in the distance, and I was
and joy. I was a man of the world,
days afterwards I received pen
and joy to the satisfaction of my
Tallalich. Now my life is one
of the world, and I was a man
to give to God. I have lost the
tobacco, morphine, etc.
WITH SINK DETAIL,
and my soul has now only one
and that is to go forward and
my Serious
G. M.,
The Happy Soldier of Don Juan

